Numb. 334.

THE South-Carolina Gazette.

Containing the freſheſt Advices Foreign and Domeſtick.

THURSDAY JULY 20, 1738.

Mr. Timothy.

IN my Letter publiſhed in your Gazette of the 6th Inſtant, I not only *inſinuated* but *aſſerted*, that, according to the beſt of my Information, not a ſingle one of all the *white* Perſons (above 50) who had then taken the Small-Pox by *Inoculation*, had died under it.——In Contradiction to this, ſome Correſpondent, in your laſt *Gazette*, is pleaſed to aſſert it as a thing *well known*, *that ſince the propagating of that Diſtemper by Inoculation, ſeveral in this Town have been hurried into Eternity by this Practice.*

That this is intended to paſs for a Contradiction to my Aſſertion, will not be queſtioned, I think, by any Reader; but as the Terms ſeem a little ambiguous or evaſive, I muſt divide my Anſwer to it. And (1) if this Correſpondent's Meaning be fairly to contradict me, and to aſſert, that, before the Publication of my Letter the 6th Inſtant, ſeveral *white Perſons* had died under the Diſtemper of the *Small-Pox*, who had taken it from *Inoculation* (in Contradiſtinction to the *natural Way*) then and in ſuch Caſe, I call upon him to *name* them; which in common Juſtice, both to the Publick and to me, he is bound to do. If he can *name* ſeveral *ſuch Perſons* who had thus died before that *Date*, I will publickly own the Defect of my Information; if he cannot, then what will become of his, *well known*? —— But (2) if he had any other Meaning beſides this, then let him ſay what it is, that we may ſee how it will turn out to acquit him of mean Artifice and Evaſion.

I ſtill inſiſt, that according to the beſt Information I can yet collect, not a ſingle one of all the *white Perſons* who had taken the Diſtemper by *Inoculation* (*i. e* by the actual Inſertion of the variolous Matter into their Bodies) had died under it, before the Publication of that Letter. Mr. *Roche*'s Child, of Eleven Months old, died the next Day after, *viz.* the 7th Inſtant; and Mr. *Peronneau*'s, about Four Years old, 2 or 3 Days after his. And theſe two are all the *white Perſons*, that I am yet inform'd of, who have died under the Diſtemper taken by *Inoculation*, from the Beginning of the Practice down to the Date of this. For as to Mr. *Baſſet*, Mr. *Sterland*, and Mrs. *Sommerſet*, 'tis plain, they were previouſly infected in the natural Way.

The Account contained in my former Letter, related chiefly to thoſe inoculated by Mr *Mowbrey*, Surgeon of his Majeſty's Ship the *Phœnix*, who firſt commenced the Practice in this Place, and ſtood alone in it for ſome Time; but the happy Succeſs which attended that *Gentleman* in the Practice, ſoon inducing ſome others alſo of the Profeſſion to fall into it, the Number of the inoculated (*Whites* and *Blacks*) is now greatly encreaſed, and not ſo eaſy to be collected. And therefore tho' I ſhall not pretend to offer an exact Account of the Number, either of *Whites* or *Blacks*, inoculated ſince the 21ſt of *May* (when the Practice commenced) down to the Date of this; yet ſo far as I can learn, they may be about 160 of the former, and 200 of the latter, or nigh 400 in all. And as to the Succeſs; I have heard of none of this whole Number who have miſcarried, except the two white Children above mentioned,

ticned and the two Negroes mentioned in my former, one belonging to Capt. *Beale*, the other to Mrs. *Blakewey*.

The inserting of this in your next Paper, not forgetting the underwritten Date, will oblige *Your very humble Servant*, &c.

July 17, 1738.

P.S. As to the Piece inserted in your last from the *London Magazine*, he may remark upon it, who knows not how better to employ his Time.

Mr. Timothy,

If you insert the following Receipt in the next Weeks Gazette, it may be of Service to the Publick, as it has been tried and approved by several in this Town.

Yours, &c.

J. M.

For the FLUX,

TAKE a Quart of Claret, one Quart of good Spring Water, one Ounce of Nutmeggs bruised, one Ounce of Hatters Galls bruised, as much double refin'd Sugar as may make it palatable, then boil the Whole together gently, in a Silver or Stone Vessel well cloted, until it is reduced to half the Quantity, and when cool'd, strain it through a Linnen Cloth and squeeze well the Dreggs, then give a full Wine Glass every Morning till the Whole is finish'd. But if the *Small-Pox* should interfere, for the more speedy Relief to the Flux, take two large Spoonfulls and a Half every two Hours in the Day Time only.

N.B. The best Wine for the Purpose, is now to be had at Mr. Burford's.

LONDON,

An Account of the unfortunate Accident which lately happened to the Spaw of Scarborough.

THE Spaw, as to its Situation, lay South from the Town on the Sands, and fronting the Sea to the East, under a high Cliff on the Back of it West, the Top of the Cliff is above the high Water level 54 Yards, and all about a Quarter of a Mile from the Town.

The Steith or Wharf adjoining to the Spaw House, which was a large Body of Stone, and bound by Timbers, and was a Fence against the Sea for the Security of the House, was 76 Feet long, and 14 Feet high, and in weight by Computation 2463 Tons. The House and Buildings were upon a Level with the Steith or Wharf, at the North End of which, and near adjoining to it, upon a small Rise above the level Sands, and at the Foot of the Stairs that lead up to the Top of the said Steith, and to the House, were the Spaw Wells.

On Wednesday the 28th of December last, in the Morning, a great Crack was heard from the Cellar of the Spaw House; and upon Search the Cellar was found rent, but at that Time there was no farther Notice taken. The Night following, the Inhabitants heard another Crack, and in the Morning entering the Cellar, they were surprized to see the strange Posture it stood in, and then got several Gentlemen to view it, who were of Opinion that the House would soon fall, and advised them to get their Goods out, but they did not do it.

On Thursday following, between Two and Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, there was another Crack heard, and the Top of the Cliff behind it rent 224 Yards in length and 36 extreme Breadth, which was all immediately in Motion, slowly descending, and continued so till it was dark. The Ground thus rent contained about an Acre of Pasture Land, and Cattle then feeding thereon, and was on a Level with the main Land, but sunk down near perpendicular 17 Yards. The Sides of the Cliff nearest the Spaw stand as before, but rent and broke in many Places, and forced forwards to the Sea; the Ground when sunk lay upon a Level, (and the Cattle next Morning on it) the main Land being as a Wall on the West, and some Part of the Side of the Cliff as a Wall on the East, and the Whole to a View is at present such a confused Prospect as is scarce to be express'd.

The Rent of the Top of the Cliff as aforesaid from the main Land, was 224 Yards. The Rent continued from each End down the Side of the Cliff to the Sands, was measured on the Sands from one End to the other 268 Yards, viz. 143 South of the Steith and Spaw Wells, and 100 to the North of the Spaw.

As the Ground sunk, the Earth or Sand which the People us'd to walk on under the Cliff, arose upwards out of its natural Position for above 100 Yards in length, on each Side of the Steith, North and South, and was six and in some Places seven Yards above its former Level; the Spaw Wells rose with it; but as soon as it began to rise, the

Water

Water at the Spaw Well ceas'd running, and was gone.

The Ground thus risen was 26 Yards broad; the Steith, which was computed at 2463 Tons, rose entire and whole, twelve Feet higher than its former Position (but rent a little in the Front) and was forced forwards towards the Sea 20 Yards.

The most reasonable Account that at present is given for this uncommon Phœnomenon, and the Occasion of the Destruction of the Steith, Spaw House, and the Loss of the Spaw Spring, is as follows:

When this Steith, or Wharf, was lately rebuilt (it being thrown down by the Violence of the Sea) Mr. Vincent, Engineer for building of the new Pier at Scarborough, was desired to rebuild this Steith at the Spaw; and digging a Trench to lay the Foundation thereof, with great Difficulty clear'd it of Water; and when he had done it, could, at several Places thereof, very easily thrust his Stick or Cane up to the Handle: from which it's concluded, that all the Earth under the Steith, was of a porous, spungy, and swampy Nature, and is much the same below the Foundation of the Spaw House, and all under the Sides of the Cliff adjoining, as well South as North.

Allowing this to be Fact, we may naturally conclude, that the solid Earth sinking on the Top of the Cliff, as aforementioned, which was of so vast a Weight, as by Computation amounts to 261360 Tons, and pressing gradually upon and into the swampy boggy Earth beneath, and under it, would of course, and did raise the Earth and Sands as before noticed, and ruined the Steith or Wharf, and the House, and for the present deprives us of the Spaw.

From the Universal Spectator.

A rational Contempt of Death, in the remarkable Behaviour of two Ladies.

THE first Instance is that of a *marry'd Lady*, who with all the Charms that are requisite to make a Woman amiable, was treated in the most barbarous Manner by her *Husband*; whom notwithstanding all his ill Usage she most affectionately lov'd. But nor her *Love* nor her *Charms*, had any Power to force from him a grateful Return; he parted from her to live with a common Prostitute of the Town, which struck her so deeply to the Heart that it flung her into a severe Sickness which terminated in her Death. When she found she cou'd not possibly live much longer she call'd for Pen and Ink and wrote the following Billet to her *Husband*.

To Mr. ———.

My Dear,

AS I employ'd every Moment of my Life to please you, but in Vain; I am still willing to employ my last in what I am assur'd will give you a sensible Pleasure; that is to tell you I have not many more to live. Even while I write I expect Death would render my Letter imperfect, but if he suffers me to write three Lines more I'll meet him with *Courage* and *Resignation*—You will now expect *Reproaches* from me; and justly you may expect 'em: But I have too much *Generosity*, too much *Love*, and too much *Religion*, to make you such a Return: No, *my Dear*, I *forgive* you from my Soul; and only desire that as you never paid any Regard to my former Wishes, yet you wou'd to my *last*: I conjure you then for your own Welfare to abandon what will prove your *Ruin*: Seek a *virtuous Wife*, and make up in *her*, the *Loss* of your

LAVINIA.

I shall make no Comment on this Lady's Behaviour, but leave it to every Reader's Heart: This only I shall add, that the Fatigue of penning this Letter so exhausted her Spirits that she sunk on her Pillow, and in a Quarter of an Hour after *expir'd*.

The other Instance is of a young Gentlewoman who was privately contracted to a Gentleman, but a Fever interrupted their Loves by putting an End to her Life: Just before her Death she sent him an Epistle, in which she enclos'd the Letters he had wrote to her: The following is a genuine Copy of it.

SIR,

IN Answer to your *kind Enquiry*, I think *myself* oblig'd to tell you, that I this Morning sent for my Physician and Apothecary, who (at my earnest Request) have been so sincere as to tell me, that their Skill and Medecines can be of no farther Service to me: I have often experienced their Judgment, and my present Weakness confirms their Opinion, and I am satisfied, *my Life* is almost at an *End*. I may now, in Justice to your *Merits*, (tho' perhaps, not necessary to tell you) confess, how much I have esteem'd your Person, and reverenced your *Virtues*; and believe, the Regard you have profess'd for my Person was sincere; neither my Fortune, nor future Expectations, were equal to yours. 'Tis for this Reason, Sir, that I return you my *Thanks* and your *Letters*; and assure you, that none but my own Eyes have ever seen them; and that, if I am not deprived of my Reason, the Secret shall die with me. I have been so long inur'd to the Thoughts of *dying*, that they are grown *familiar* to me, and have prevented my laying any impracticable Schemes of Happiness in *this Life*: And have likewise given me Time to *reflect*, and *repent* of many *Crimes*, many *Follies*, and many *Inadvertencies*, which in my perfect Health appear'd very *inconsiderable*: I have took my Leave of all my Friends except one faithful Attendant, who has promis'd not to leave me, 'till my Eyes are clos'd for ever. May you live, Sir, *long* and *happy*, and in your *last Moments* enjoy a *firm* and *well grounded Hope* of *future Happiness*, with as much *Serenity* of Mind, as that which is the *present happy Condition* of

Your sincere and faithful Friend,

SABINIA.

A *Love Letter* on a *Death-Bed* seems at first to betray either a great deal of *Folly* or *Madness*, but there is nothing which runs thro' the Whole of this but shews the Lady to have been of a *generous Temper*, a *Woman of good Sense*, and a *good Christian*. I believe I may offend some *Classical Criticks* by preferring the Behaviour of these *Ladies* in the *Hour of Death* to the *rigid Severity of Cato*, or to the *jocular Buffoonry of Adrian*: But yet this I will venture to assert, that the first was more *generous* than *Cato* in *forgiving Injuries*, the latter more sensible and resolv'd than *Adrian* in her *Gaiety*, and the Conduct of *both* far superior in *Virtue*, as it was more consonant to the Dictates of *Nature*.

Custom House, Charlestown,

Entered Inwards,

Sloop Success, Jos. Prew from Georgia.

Entered out,

Sloop Dove, Ch: Sigourney for Boston.

Clear'd for Departure.

Brigt. Patience, Vincent Bodin to Falmouth.

EXPORTED from this PLACE since Nov. 1, 1737.

Rice 33956 Barrels. Pitch 16335. Tarr 5322. Turpentine 818. Whereof 3981 Barrels of Rice to the Southward of *Cape Finisterre*.